

ART NEW YORK VIEWS WATER COLORS SHOW BROOKLYN MUSEUM

Best Collection of American Picture Ever Assembled
Is Shown Across the Bridges—Homer, Sargent,
Lafarge and Blum Represented.

By HENRY M'BRIDE.

THE Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the Brooklyn Museum—nothing at all. Everything that the Anonymous Letter Writer said of last summer's collection of modern art at the Metropolitan can be said again of the present exhibition of American water colors in Brooklyn—and more besides. The instigators and abettors of this exhibition flagrantly show themselves to be up to date, open minded, broad minded and generous. The best collection of American water colors that has ever been seen is the result of their efforts. It is a service to art, artists and the country, and people of refined tastes should flock to the heights of Brooklyn. But apparently they don't.

On the day of my visit there were perhaps a dozen hardy explorers enjoying themselves.

If only the Anonymous Letter Writer could be stirred again to activity what a boon it would be! The attendance might leap to thousands, where now there are but dozens. I would willingly grant him, say, half a column's space on this page—or even three-quarters, if he would tell what he honestly thinks of Claggett Wilson's Bible illustrations, so appropriately alcoved in Brooklyn. But perhaps one is too swift in attributing significance to the Claggett Wilson alcove since—now that one comes to think of it—all the artists are in alcoves. But perhaps our Letter Writer will see in this but a subterfuge. Alcoves heretofore have been so peculiarly French.

Of late the art of water coloring, it must be allowed, has fallen into what the late Grover Cleveland used to refer to as an "innocuous desuetude." For this there have been so many contributory causes that only an Einstein could disentangle and label the main one. The most likely villain is usually the nearest one, and I for my part generally saddle all the blame upon the water color societies of Manhattan, which have lowered the standard of the things they accept until the bewildered spectator fancies himself sometimes in, say, the art section of a remote county fair. It requires enterprise, it is true, to compete with the dealers, all of whom are avid for water colors, and to whose shops it is now the custom to go, rather than to the exhibitions of the societies, for all that is best and significant in this art. Lack of enterprise is, however, a fatal accusation to make of any institution, for without enterprise in these days institutions dwindle.

But no such thing may be said to Brooklyn. "Enterprise" is the Brooklyn Museum's middle name. All the topnotchers of fame, such as Winslow Homer, John Singer Sargent, John La Farge and Robert Blum, are represented, side by side, with the work of moderns, such as John Marin, Arthur B. Davies, Charles Demuth and Charles Burchfield. An apology is made in the catalogue for the fact that the geniuses whose works are not being shown—but really, who that is worth while has been left out? All the artists who have stirred the world of modern art seem to be included, and so with a clear conscience the student can be recommended not to miss this show of all that is best in the water color art. There are no blank places in it. Every artist who is there is there for an appreciable reason, and most of them are seen at their best.

Modern of the Moderns.

The argumentative will argue—since argue they must—over the presence in such a collection of the groups by such men as John Marin, Charles Demuth, William Zorack and Man Ray. All these are modern of the moderns. That is to say they are in advance of the public. They are hardly engaged in holding the mirror up to a society that has not yet run its course. The Anonymous Letter Writer will say—and far be it from me to detract in any way from the new value of his Furious Outburst—that it is a precociously cracked mirror that they are holding up, but they will reply or I will for them, that it is society that is cracked. (For details consult Wells, G. B. Shaw, Bjornson, Gorky, Maximilian Harden et al.)

John Marin is probably the greatest living exponent of the medium, or certainly he is the greatest upon this side of the water. The sweep and breadth of his eloquent water colors are born of deep emotions as are those discernible in the background of great performances by Winslow Homer, or Shelley, or even Beethoven.

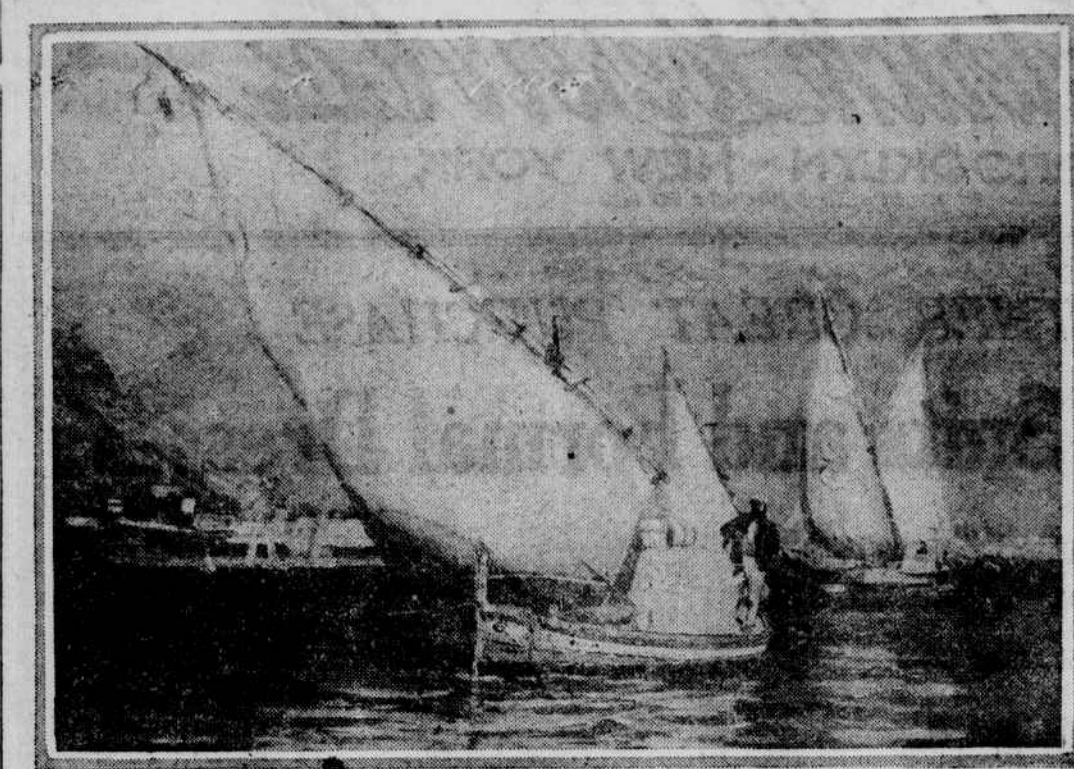
Yet in the present association of them with such survivors from another era as Homer and La Farge the advantage is necessarily to the latter. Homer's dimensions now are measured as well as those of the people all around whom he worked. The fitness and genuineness of his style can now be easily felt even by average intelligences. And then too, the group by William Zorack and Man Ray, all these are modern of the moderns. That is to say they are in advance of the public. They are hardly engaged in holding the mirror up to a society that has not yet run its course. The Anonymous Letter Writer will say—and far be it from me to detract in any way from the new value of his Furious Outburst—that it is a precociously cracked mirror that they are holding up, but they will reply or I will for them, that it is society that is cracked. (For details consult Wells, G. B. Shaw, Bjornson, Gorky, Maximilian Harden et al.)

Novelties on Exhibition.

The diligence of the organizers of this exhibition may be attested by the novelties in it. As novelties must be listed some exceedingly agreeable little squabbles by my old friend Joseph Pennell. Few people knew he water colored. I didn't. This will be my chance to come to a rapprochement with him, for there has been a slight coolness between Joe and me ever since I wrote something a few years ago. His views of the lower river from a Brooklyn homestead are now distinctly articulated in the best London circles. But I'm writing this for Joe, who hasn't been to London lately. One enthusiast who liked them very much brushed them with the adjective "Whitellian," but I don't think so. I didn't know who in the last had done them and had to look up the artist in my catalogue, so I prefer to call them Pennellian.

Then too it is a novelty to run across such Satanic ironies as Charles Burchfield's water colors in a museum—and the slashing exuberances of Mary Rogers, who is being more honored now that she is dead than ever she was during her lifetime. And then too, the group by Claggett Wilson, as has been hinted, is very novel indeed.

Fewer than one felt that the passing chance was sufficient. It happens often that genius of purest ray serene do not instantly surrender themselves to the searcher, however eager. Possibly in this category are the works of Dore and MacKnight, an artist who enjoys a prodigious reputation in Boston but who is not so well known in these parts. They say that when he gives an exhibition there on Monday morning for the place to open and that within twenty minutes after they are allowed in all the pictures are marked "sold."



"SICILIAN SAILS" by GEORGE H. CLEMENTS — MILCH GALLERIES

fashionable again never took the trouble to be simple, so probably Miss Browne knows very well what she is about, and what the vogue is. Her bronzes of animals are engagingly sympathetic.

Stella and Schnakenberg At the Whitney Studio

Joseph Stella and H. E. Schnakenberg are the artists of the moment in the Whitney Studio Galleries, and both are represented by imposing groups of their works. Mr. Stella, of course, is no newcomer to the New York scene, but is an old acquaintance to all of those who follow the experimental game. He has been at times frankly four dimensional, and created more than one stir with his cubes. His most notable success was a large and highly emotional "Brooklyn Bridge," which is not included in the present exhibition.

Another admired panel, called "Spring," once shown with success at the Societe Anonyme, is seen again, but not this time to such advantage as before. Possibly it is too high upon the walls. The lighting emphasizes the mechanics of it, and the means employed can very well be forgotten in first rate works of art. Mr. Stella fares better this time with "Church," which we produce, with rich dark colors and some positive blacks. Mr. Stella, in fact, is generally impressive in his night scenes, with cold blues and blacks.

Mr. Schnakenberg has had less experience with galleries than his companion, but is lucky in making a first appearance in a room that helps out his color so much. Mr. Schnakenberg is in process of forming a style, and ought in all reason to form a good one in time. He appears to have an exceedingly good pair of eyes in his hand, capable, in particular, of appreciating form. He paints plums and pears that are good enough to eat.

Other fine aspects that he has are color, breadth of view and an instinct for design. There is, of course, the inevitable suggestion of Cezanne. But that's in the air. Probably it is the fault of the painter, not the picture.

As an artist, he has an instinct for design. There is, of course, the inevitable suggestion of Cezanne. But that's in the air. Probably it is the fault of the painter, not the picture.

Frederick J. Waugh, the marine painter, has been following good precedent by visiting the West Indies to see if the waters there are really as emerald as Winslow Homer and other explorers have said. He confirms all the previous reports and shows the results in his studies of a collection of marines now visible in the Macbeth Galleries.

The temptation to go south is understandable and the surprise is not that he should actually visit the tropics. The sea is a changeable mistress anywhere, but the painter who goes there from too fixed a position is apt to drift into habits of painting that are of no use to him. The painter who goes there with a complete cleansing of the palette and an outfit of new blandishments sometimes has an effect upon any fields of color.

Mr. Waugh has secured some fine, swift wave lines, and in certain other pictures he has achieved majestic rocky settings for the sea, but for the most part he was content whilst in the south to bask in the color and light. His canvases seem like variations of a given theme. Textures are not greatly insisted upon. In certain pictures the surf crumbles like a giant opaque cabbage leaf, although at the same time the little surface ripples upon the face of the green are broadly enough indicated.

Where texture is scarce a success in this line is notable, and the picture with the shadowy foreground, in which a receding wave has vanished into a slippery slip of rock, takes on a special distinction.

Mr. Waugh's enthusiasm over his experiences has resulted also in a little picture of the southern scene, which runs as follows:

"If anticipation has greater joy than fulfillment my West Indian experience must be unique.

"Enthusiasm grew as we entered those clear laps of sea of the South Atlantic and Caribbean. It grew by leaps and bounds as the first volcanic peaks of that imitable island chain sprang into view, and it is strange how soon the Northerner throws off the strenuous life.

"This lack of hurry, to a painter of sea, is of the greatest importance, for it enables him as never before to concentrate upon the study of the waves and drink in their beauties of turquoise as they come tumbling in from distant blue depths. It is often then that you watch those sudden tropical changes taking place in sky and sea. I often raged clouds apparently nearby sweep the mountain tops glowing in rosy splendor as the sun sinks out of view in the West.

"Again, you are upon the western shore watching the sun drop like the oval of a rose into a glassy sea, giving place to new, sudden beauties of dusk.

"Sometimes the whole dome of sky is in pure turquoise and white, and you sunset turns it to pale emerald as the rosy clouds. Sometimes you are back again on the eastern shore where the whole sea is jade and blue and silver, with the glow of the setting sun behind the mountains lighting up the furthest line of breakers rumbling in out of the deep beyond, and as your gaze wanders downward you catch the silhouettes of palm trees, later to be darkly silhouetted against the evening sky, while far out upon the sea the surf still tosses its mother of pearl crests upward into the last mellow rays of the sunset and

Notable Etchings By James McBey

What is probably the most complete collection of McBey etchings yet brought together in this country is now on view in the galleries of Frederick Keppel & Co. It contains impressions from all the best known plates and a considerable number of trial proofs, of which McBey made but few.

James McBey is an etcher who has



"THE CHURCH" by JOSEPH STELLA at the WHITNEY STUDIO GALLERIES

apparently responded to appreciation. He began with extreme hesitancy and etched with reticence, and even downright timidity. That is, he was timid about actually saying "being." His strokes were correct enough and had the true etcher's nervousness. There is a considerable and valiant band of collectors who will stand for strokes in preference to anything else and these worthy and serviceable pioneers gave out the flat that McBey was one of those to be collected. So he was collected.

The fact that a considerable number of people were waiting for his next etching, appeared—and I say "appeared," for



Portrait by ROBERT HENRI. MR. MRS. HARRY PAINE WHITNEY'S OVERSEAS EXHIBITION

the early Indian and Dutch landmarks still remain in their virgin settings. These artists, although organized, are not bound by too much "constitution and by-laws" and are free to exhibit the results of wanderings far from their new found land if they choose.

The eighth annual exhibition of St. Hilda Guild, Inc., will this year be held November 15 to 19 inclusive at Cathedral College, 423 Madison Avenue, New York, through the kind permission of its president, the Rev. Francis C. Campbell. These exhibitions are of considerable educational value, as only models of historical and correct forms are on view.

The loan exhibition forms by far the larger part of the exhibit, having been sent from all parts of the country. Among the interesting objects shown are the altar, amice and chasuble for the Right Rev. William T. Manning, D. D., of New York, vestments which are gifts of Mrs. Michael Gavin of New York; covers for monstrance and ciborium for private chapel of Mrs. Nicholas Brady; altar frontals for St. Mary's Church, Castleton, Staten Island; cope, humeral veil and chasuble for Rev. Father Crimmins, rector of the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, San Francisco; white frontal and pulpit cover for St. Martin's Church, Providence, and high mass set in violet for the Rev. Joseph A. Corrigan of St. Mark's Church, St. Paul, Minn.

One of the most interesting exhibits from an historical point of view is two sets of vestments loaned by the Very Rev. Joseph R. Heffernan, O. P., prior of the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York. One of these is a green chasuble made after the manner of those in use in the thirteenth century. This set was made at St. Gall in Switzerland. The other set is a copy, as far as it was possible to attain, of the chasuble of St. Dominic, now preserved in the Church of St. Serin, Toulouse. The fabric was reproduced in France and made up by several ladies of Toulouse. These sets of vestments will be very valuable for the student interested in the origin and development of ceremonial vestments, especially by their contrast with what we generally see to-day.

There will also be a number of various sorts of vestments on sale and made by St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

The great London dailies now arriving in this country contain what must be regarded as placid comments upon the sale of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." The moderated accents of the critic for the Daily Telegraph may be accepted as typical. He says, in part:

"Two great advantages are to leave England, for we are in a position to state authoritatively that after much consideration and negotiation the Duke of Westminster has consented to part with these famous portraits known to the world as Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' and 'The Tragic Muse,' by Reynolds. With Mr. Lance Hannen of Christie's, acting as expert assessor and confidential intermediary, the Duke has agreed to accept Sir Joseph Duveen's offer of £200,000 for the pair. For some time past tongues have been both inquiring and busy concerning the fate of these masterpieces of British art. It was only natural, because it will be recalled that, two years ago the Duke gave a distinct sign of beginning to loosen his hold when he had 'The Tragic Muse' despatched to Christie's for public competition. On that occasion the last open bid against the reserve price was £6,000 guineas, and the portrait of that 'statelike ornament of the public mind,' Mrs. Siddons, was withdrawn.

"In the present beautiful life should have no relation to price, yet many people will still be wondering what valuation should be placed on 'The Tragic Muse.' Let it at once be stated that this becomes a question of economy, consideration when compared with the valuation put upon Gainsborough's wonderful 'Blue Boy.' For there was a stage in the course of these recent negotiations when Sir Joseph Duveen's offer of £150,000 for this incomparable portrait was definitely refused by the Duke's assessor, Mr. Hannen."

School of the Theatre To Open Wednesday

The School of the Theatre, an organization founded and directed by some of the leading men and women of the theatrical group, will open next Wednesday in the Lexington Theatre Building, Lexington Avenue and Fifty-first Street.

Those responsible for this new development are: George Arlson, Miss Elsie Ferguson, Frank Craven, Arthur Hopkins, Robert Edmund Jones, Joe Ruben, Ernest Trues, Miss Helen Crothers, Kenneth Macgowan, Brook Purinton, William Lyon Phelps, Arthur Hohl, Stuart Walker and Clara Tree Major.

An interesting feature of this new school is the development of a school of mental theatre, which will be operated by the students under professional direction. The stage is as large as many of the regular theatres, and the theory of the directing of the students is not prepared properly for professional work on a stage room stage. Students will receive not less than six months' work in this theatre before being graduated, and the directors expect to make such interesting offerings that the theatre soon will be running on a regular schedule of six nights a week. In this way the students will receive all the advantages of a working stock company under professional direction, while they are at the same time working at their technical development.

The School of the Theatre stage also will serve the general theatre in many ways. It will offer a medium for experimentation to scenic artists and playwrights, and it may be used as a tryout theatre by producers. It will give to foreign artists and to those from other States an opportunity to introduce their work to New York.

A special course of lectures by Kenneth Macgowan will begin during this week and a special class in scenic design under Gorky will begin at the same time. Entrance to both these classes as well as to the regular classes in dancing, fencing, voice diction and the other forms of technical technique may be arranged for persons interested only in these subjects.

Mrs. Havemeyer At Garden City

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.—GARDEN CITY, L. I., Nov. 12.—Between the Election Day fox hunt of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, in which nearly fifty members were the guests, the numerous matches on the Salisbury, Cherry Valley, Garden City and Hempstead Country Club golf courses and the large number of visitors at the country homes of Garden City and those at the Garden City Hotel, this has been a busy social center during the week. On Tuesday the hunt meet will be from the home of Mr. Ralph N. Ellis.

Arrivals at the Garden City Hotel include Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Farmer, Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer, Mrs. Walter C. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Burras, Mr. E. W. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Harrington, Mrs. John L. Stephens, Mr. W. N. Niles, Mrs. James Horner Aldrich, Mr. John L. Kane, Mrs. C. B. Borah, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Niles and Mr. and Mrs. George C. Heck and family of New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Daboll, L. B. Chasman, F. B. Condon, Larling M. Black, Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Byrson of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Pinkham,

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Mr. and Mrs. Devereux Emmet of St. James, L. I., entertained the Misses Leitch and Miss Marion Hollins at luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Pinkham are at the hotel for their usual stay prior to Nov. 12—Every variety of sport and entertainment, to match the weather, has occupied the autumn crowd at the Greenbrier. Many dinner parties have been followed by bridge, movies and dancing in the ballroom every night. Those entertaining large parties included Mrs. W. A. Taylor of New York,

who had ten guests Tuesday night before her departure for Washington, and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Horner of New York for Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence I. Duhl of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton G. Hadenpohl of New York gave a party for a dozen New York friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Hine, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fletcher and Mrs. Ethelbert G. Low. Mr. and Mrs. Hadenpohl have taken a house in Santa Barbara, Cal. for the winter.

Several bride couples who have arrived this week have formed a little colony of their own, playing golf and tennis together and dancing together. The brides have had a chance to display many beautiful trousseau gowns during the week.

Among the newly married couples here are Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cowan of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Meyers of Philadelphia and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Roy Huzach of Chicago.

Mrs. Sherman Flint and Miss Margaret Flint of New York went to Washington on Wednesday for Armistice Day.

Outdoor Sports Lure White Sulphur Crowds

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Arrivals at the Garden City Hotel include Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Farmer, Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer, Mrs. Walter C. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Burras, Mr. E. W. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Harrington, Mrs. John L. Stephens, Mr. W. N. Niles, Mrs. James Horner Aldrich, Mr. John L. Kane, Mrs. C. B. Borah, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Niles and Mr. and Mrs. George C. Heck and family of New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Daboll, L. B. Chasman, F. B. Condon, Larling M. Black, Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Byrson of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Pinkham,

Belmont, L. I.; Mrs. Hunter Brooke, Lawrence, L. I.; Mrs. Richard Harby, Chattanooga, Tenn., and Mrs. P. W. Chapman, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Devereux Emmet of St. James, L. I., entertained the Misses Leitch and Miss Marion Hollins at luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Pinkham are at the hotel for their usual stay prior to Nov. 12—Every variety of sport and entertainment, to match the weather, has occupied the autumn crowd at the Greenbrier. Many dinner parties have been followed by bridge, movies and dancing in the ballroom every night. Those entertaining large parties included Mrs. W. A. Taylor of New York,

who had ten guests Tuesday night before her departure for Washington, and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Horner of New York for Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence I. Duhl of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton G. Hadenpohl of New York gave a party for a dozen New York friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Hine, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fletcher and Mrs. Ethelbert G. Low. Mr. and Mrs. Hadenpohl have taken a house in Santa Barbara, Cal. for the winter.